

WHAT CLEMENCEAU SAW IN BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA

Ex-Prime Minister of the French Republic Makes a Study of Their Natural History and Gives Intimate Views of Their Cities--A Retrospect of Their Colonial Days.



Lezama Park, Buenos Ayres, One of the Popular Parks of the City.

By Georges Clemenceau.

This is the third of a series of articles written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by the ex-Premier of France.

BOTANY and zoology are sister sciences. We leave the plants to inspect the beasts in the company of Mr. Thays, who is always glad to see his neighbor M. Onelli.

The governor of the Zoological Garden of Buenos Ayres is a phlegmatic little man, Franco-Italian in speech, and the more amusing in that his gay, caustic wit is clothed in a slightly condensed, ironical form. What a pity that his animals, for whom he is father and mother, sister and brother, cannot appreciate his sallies! Not that it is by any means certain that they do not. It seems clear that they can enter into each other's feelings, if not thoughts, since an intimacy of the most touching kind exists between the man and inferior creation, to whose detriment the rights of biological priority have been reversed.

I should like to pause before the llamas, used as beasts of burden to carry a load of 25 kilograms apiece, or before the vicuñas, whose exquisite, feathery fur is utilized for the motorcar, and whose private life would need to be told in Latin by reason of the officious interference of the Indian in matters that concern him not a whit.

Mr. Onelli has housed the more prominent groups in palaces in the style of architecture peculiar to their native land, and this gives to the gardens a very pleasing aspect.

But first let us enjoy the animals. It is amazing to see the two monstrous hippopotami leap from the water with movements of ridiculous joyfulness in response to the whistle of their governor-friend, and, on a sign from him, open their fearful caverns of pink jaws bristling with formidable teeth to receive with the utmost gratitude three blades of grass which they could easily cull for themselves beneath their feet if these manifestations of joy were called forth by the delicacy and not by friendship. The great beasts became human at sight of their master, if one may thus describe ferocity.

The puma, a sort of yellow panther whose color has apparently won for him the name of the American lion, came running up to offer his back to the caressing hand of his friend, with a hoarse roar that seemed to express rather helpless rage than voluptuousness.

The puma is perhaps the commonest of the wild beasts of the Northern provinces of the Argentine, for it retreats from before the approach of man, and is more successful than the jaguar or the panther in escaping the traps or the guns of the hunter.

M. Edmond Hileret, who has killed several, told me that at Santa Ana, near Tucuman, it was impossible to keep a flock of sheep, as they were always deflected by the pumas in spite of all the efforts he made to protect them. "Yet," he added, "notwithstanding my dogs and my poms the puma can never be seen. He is quite a rarity."

After a short palaver with some delicious penguins newly arrived from the southern ice, with their young, which would die of spleen if they were not fed with a forcing pipe, like an English soufflé, we salute the gray ostrich of the pampas, which has been nearly exterminated by the cruel lasso of the gaucho.

The gray American ostrich, which should be safe from our barbarous ways since his tall feathers offer no attraction for ladies' hats, interests us by certain peculiarities in his domestic habits. To the male is left the duty of hatching the eggs, the female preferring to stray. By way of compensation, the paternal instinct is the more keenly developed in the father in proportion, as the mother-reprehensible bird--neglects her duties. Thus before beginning to sit on the eggs, he sets carefully aside two or three of his eggs, according to the number of young to be hatched, and when the little ones leave their shells, he opens them with a sharp blow from the paternal beak, and spreads in the sunshine the contents of the eggs his foresight had reserved; the appetizing dish attracts thousands of flies who promptly drown themselves therein to make the first meal of the fledglings. Admirable instance of the contradictory processes of nature to preserve all that exists.

But we have come to the palace of the elephants. There are half a dozen of them beneath a vast dome, and the sight

of M. Onelli rouses them all. The heavy gray masses away from side to side, the large ears beat up and down while the small eyes wink; the trunks are flung inquiringly around, eager for any windfall. One amiable and tame elephant, the youthful Fahda, born on the place, hustles his colossal friends, to clear a way to M. Onelli, who talks to her affectionately, but is unable to respond as he should to her pressing request for cakes. The Governor gives us the reason of their friendliness.

"We have no secrets from each other," he remarks gently.

And it was truer than he thought, for the young trunk was softly introduced into his tempting pocket, and brought out a packet of letters which were forthwith swallowed. Thereupon exclamations as late as fruitless from the victim, who thus witnessed the disappearance of his correspondence in the dark passages of an unexpected Post Office from which there is no hope of return.

One word about M. Onelli's interesting work, "A Travers les Andes," an accurate account of his journey in Patagonia. When describing to me the customs of the natives, he was good enough to promise me a few arrowheads collected in the course of his expedition. They reached me the following day with this letter:

"My Dear Sir: After rummaging amongst my drawers, I finally found the arrowheads you wanted. The book which accompanies them, a humble homage to your interest in the places in which I found them, is as good enough to glance at it you will find several photographs of the descendants of the makers of these arrows. The Indians of the southern part of Patagonia, and these arrowheads of these arrows, which are to be found all over the arid plateau they inhabit, that they are the latest weapon of the Indians of olden times, those who invaded our feet. We think that they did not know how to use them until a hundred and fifty years ago, at most, and in fact, one may say that the Indians of the southern part of Patagonia only ended in Patagonia a half century ago. The arrows to be found in Patagonia demonstrate in a contrary manner the influence of civilized industries, since the heads the most clumsily made are the most modern. The Indians lost little by little the art of making them, and then they began to make the shafts of fragments of knife blades, or of iron obtained from the natives, and since then they have completely abandoned the work to adopt firearms, in which they are so much more successful. The women, naturally more conservative than the men, still use the old system of scrapping the shafts used by the white men in European lands. Nowadays, having no means of making them, they have adopted the shafts in the ancient dwellings of their forefathers in order to find a flint scraper, which they carefully use and treasure."

The arrow shafts still subsist in the north of the Republic of Argentina, in the provinces of Santa Fe, and nearly throughout the whole of Buenos Aires. (A region larger than all France) renders it extremely difficult to keep up good roads across a flat country of drums, and without time. The arrow shafts turned into soft mud by traffic and rain; hence the enormous increase of railway lines).

As for the art of making arrowheads, the Indians still retain among the Onas, the Lakas, natives of Terra del Fuego; but the art has been lost among the Indians of the southeast, always on the lookout for a whale, dead or wounded, and for fragments of vessels of sailing vessels. The Cape Horn, have discovered that bottle of the ancient world, and the arrow shafts, and their poor language is thus enriched with a new word: to express "glass" they say "bottle" by a natural quid pro quo of a tongue which in adopting a new word confuses the name of the object with that of the material of which it is made.

The unique black arrowhead is of basalt, the most abundant kind of rock in Patagonia, but also the most difficult to use in the manufacture of such small objects. The Indians, however, generally use, the little black point of flint.

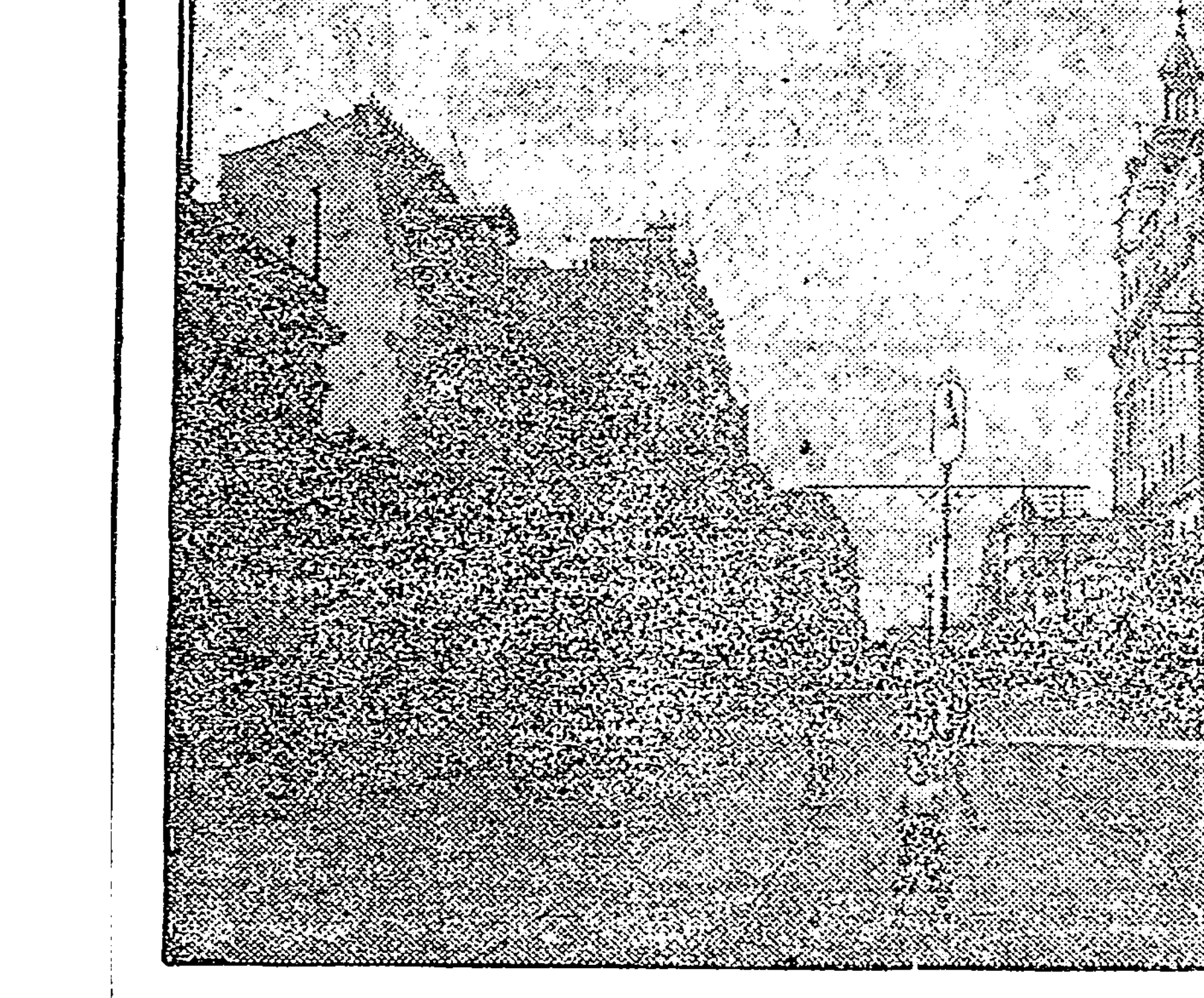
The twisted forms are models of flint of the inside of a tertiary province, the "turtilla," very common in the strata of the Rio Santa Cruz cliffs, and which Indian women often wear as ornaments. In order to hope you will excuse my bad French, since I have had the trouble of translating your text into French, I am, my dear CLEMENCEAU,

M. Onelli kindly offered us a few minutes' rest in his own salon. But what did we find there? The housemaid who opened the door to us carried a young puma in her arms, and I know not what sort of hairy beast on her back. The gnashing of white teeth proceeded from under the chair and coiled serpents lay in the easy chair. Indeed, we were not the least tired. Palermo must be visited.

The celebrated promenade starts nobly at the Recoleta, where the lawns and groves are harmoniously set in a frame of architectural lines. Carriages of the most correct British style, drawn by superb horses, and noisy motor cars dash swiftly by. But for the groups of exotic trees one might be in the Bois. Palermo begins well. Unfortunately, we suddenly find before us an avenue of sickly cocoas palms, whose bare trunks are covered



Callao Street, Buenos Ayres.



Water Works of Buenos Ayres, the Power House.

with dead leaves, giving an unpleasant perspective of broom handles. This tree, which is so fine in Brazil, is not in its element here. When planted in rows, even in the streets of Rio, it is more surprising than beautiful. It is in groves that it best displays its full decorative qualities. I take the liberty of suggesting that M. Thays should pull up the horticultural invalids and plant eucalyptus or some other tree in their place.

But we are not yet at the end of our troubles. Less than two hundred yards down, the avenue is crossed by a railway, with level crossing. A barrier, usually closed, a turnstile for pedestrians, a station, and all the rest of it. Gangs of laborers are at work on the roads, which are badly in need of their care. I do not doubt that there will be some day a magnificent promenade here. It only wants to be made, and the first step should be the suppression of the rails with the banks and bridges that accompany them. This is no doubt the intention, since they tell me the level crossings are to be done away with. This will be a good beginning.

I expect M. Bourard has not omitted to give wise counsels on this point. I am only afraid that the position of Palermo will prevent its ever growing to any size worth speaking of. But if M. Thays has his own way, he will certainly give some day to Buenos Ayres a park that is worthy of the Argentine capital.

Need I say that squares and parks alike are superbly decorated with sculpture and monuments which are open to criticism? There is nothing more natural to a young people than a desire to acquire great men in every department as early as possible. Yet idealism that is to be materialized must, one would think, have its base set solidly on established facts. In a country whose population offers a mixture of all the Latin races, art could not fail to flourish. It will free itself from its crust as fast as public taste is purified. Works such as those of M. Paul Groussac, or the fine novel by M. Enrique Rodriguez Larreta, the distinguished Minister of the Argentine Republic in Paris, are evidences of the fine development of literary taste on the banks of the Rio de la Plata.

I quote these two names because they are closest to us. But Argentine literature cannot be dismissed in a word. The noble ways of independence could scarcely fail to produce popular songs which are caught up from mouth to mouth, and in the same way the spread of culture turns the public mind toward the art of literary composition.

Struggles against the metropolis, or civil strife, causing great excitement of the public mind, incite to great deeds, whence must spring a powerful nationality, which will necessarily furnish material for the earliest historic monuments, and these, either written or in the form of the spoken word, parent of deeds, will be graven on the memory of grateful generations to come. In this way, the noble harangues of Mariano Moreno to the Provisional Government, the eloquent proclamations

made by Gen. Belgrano after the battles of Salta and Tucuman, the lofty letters of San Martin, are impressive lessons; their energy of thought and arduous expression melt into active human forms on which time can have no effect.

The savage dictatorship of Rosas will silence all manifestations of thought. But already Sarmiento, from the depths of his exile in Chile, launches from the Andes his virulent pamphlets aimed at the abominable tyrant. The press and the rostrum, in recovered liberty, furnish a legion of writers and orators, at whose head one cannot refrain from inscribing the names of Bartolomé Mitre and Nicolas Avellaneda. Coming down to modern times, the list of writers is too long to quote, and every one of them would merit a special notice.

The sculptor does not appear to have reached quite the same point, but I hasten to add, for the sake of justice, that our own heroes of marble, with a very few prominent exceptions, expose nothing in Buenos Ayres which is calculated to throw into too dark a shade their counterparts of across the ocean.

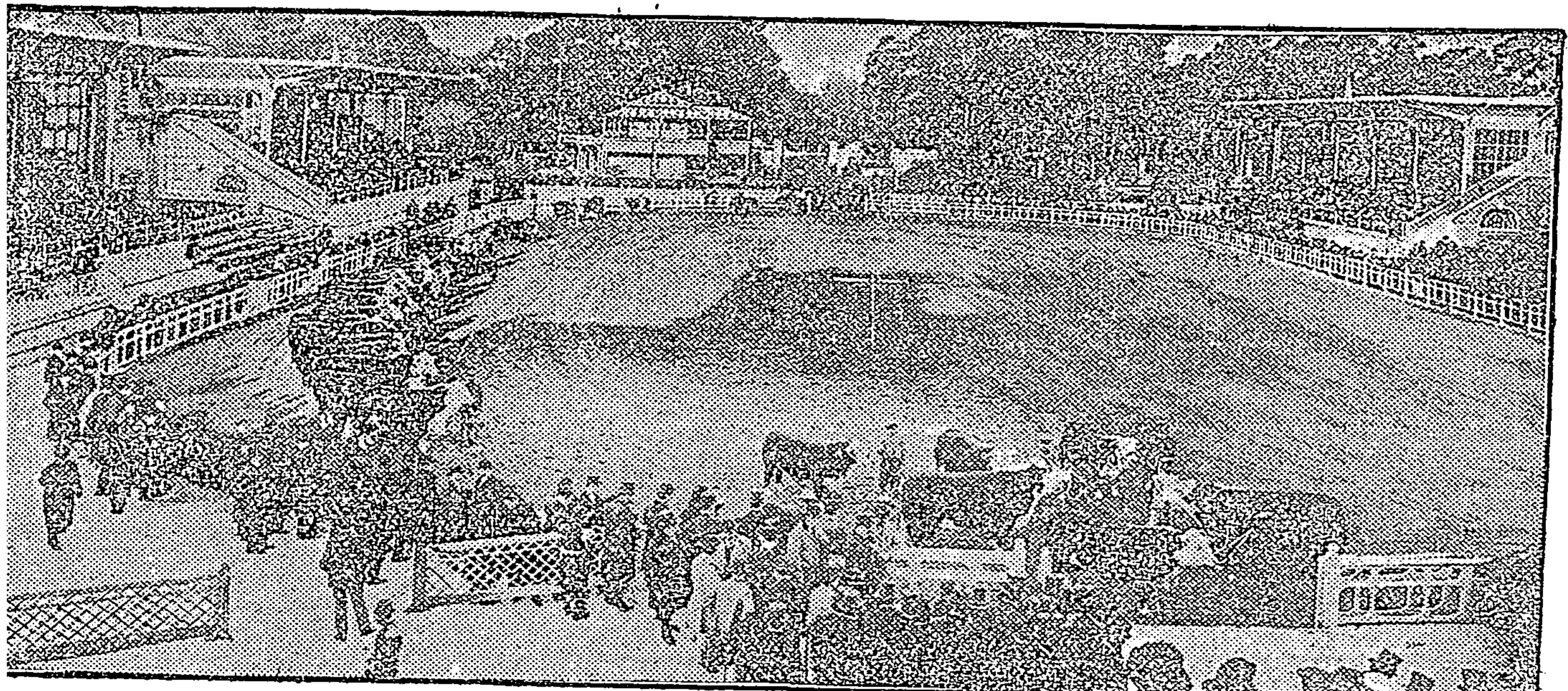
France, Italy, and Spain supply some fairly fine statuary for the Latin countries. But, as might be readily imagined, a legitimate desire to write history on every square and market place has given a profusion of monuments to soldiers and politicians.

The same dangerous mania has been pushed to such extremes in our own land that it would fit become me to make it a subject of reproach to others; nevertheless, it behooves us to acknowledge that the Argentine Republic has, both in times of war and of peace, produced some great men. It suffices to mention the names of San Martin (whose statue is being raised at Boulogne-sur-Mer and at Buenos Ayres) and of Sarmiento.

If a Government could have always at hand men of genius, the wish to perpetuate to all eternity the renown a single day had won for them might readily be pardoned. But men of genius are rare, and they are apt to make mistakes like other men. And for the rest, the statues that are put up to their memory serve merely to inspire in our breasts a few philosophic reflections on the danger of a permanent propaganda of mediocrity!

Besides, the sculptor has this defect: that he forces himself on the attention of the passer by. We are not compelled to purchase a poor book or to go into ecstasies over all the Chauvichard collection, whereas we are unable to avoid the sight of the statue of Two-shoes by Thingummy.

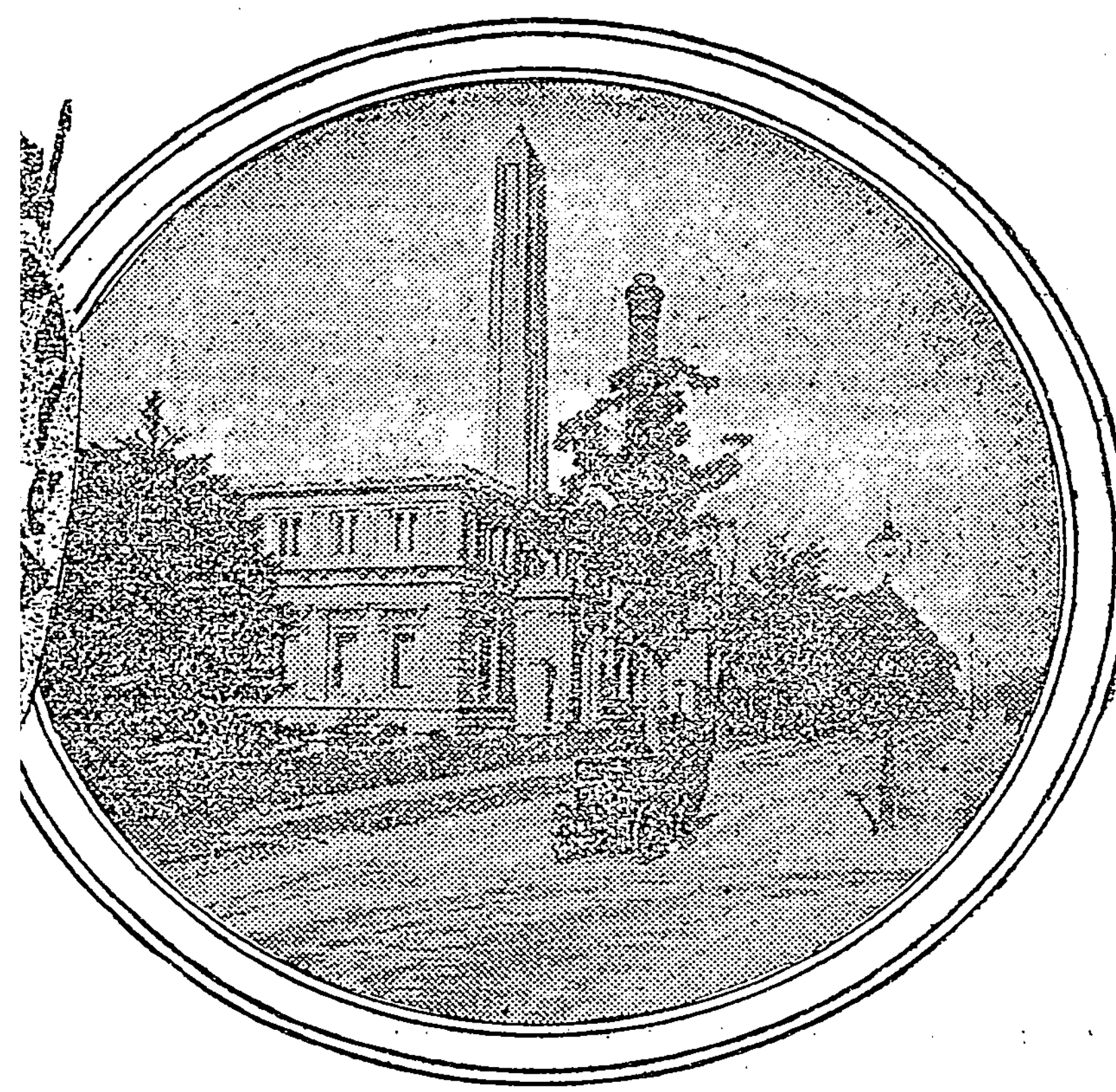
My only consolation is that such monuments will not prevent the advent of other supermen in the future, who, like those of the past, will raise their own monuments in a surer and better manner by their own glorious achievements. But it is time to leave these men of marble and come to the living, of whom I have so far said not a word. My remark as to the European aspect of Buenos Ayres at first sight must be taken as referring merely to its outdoor life. I do not speak of the



Argentina's International Agricultural Exposition, 1910. The Grand Stand and Judges Stand.



Water Works of Buenos Ayres, the Power House.



Water Works of Buenos Ayres, the Power House.

ship and sympathy. Latin idealism keeps these South American nations ever facing toward those great modern peoples that have sprung from the Roman conquest. I cannot say I think we have drawn from this favorable condition of things all the advantage we might have derived from it, both for the youthful republics and for our Latinity, which is being steadily drained by the huge work of civilization and by the vigorous onslaught made upon it by the systematic activity of the Northern races.

The great Anglo-Saxon Republic of North America, tempered by the same Latin idealism imported in the eighteenth century from France by Jefferson, is making of a continent a modern nation whose influence will count more and more in the affairs of the globe. May it not be that South America, whose evolution is the result of lessons learned and taught to some extent by the Northern races, will give us a new development of Latin civilization corresponding to that which has so powerfully contributed to the making of Europe as we know it? It is here no question obviously of an organized rivalry of hostile forces between two great American peoples, who must surely be destined both by reason of their geographical situation as also by mental affinities, to unite their strength to attain to loftier heights. The problem, which ought not to be shirked by France, will be henceforth to maintain the pacific evolution of these communities the necessary proportion of idealism which she had a large share in planting there.

In following such a train of thought, how can we help pausing for an instant to consider the Pan-American Congress which so fitly closed the splendid exhibition of the Argentine centenary? With the sole exception of Bolivia, every republic of South America sent a representative to the palace of the congress to discuss their common interests. An imposing assembly, which, in the dignity of its debates, can bear comparison with any Upper Chamber of the Continent of Europe. For my part, I sought in vain for one of those exorable natures, ever ripe for explosion, the fruit of equatorial soil. I found only jurists, historians, men of letters or of science, giving their opinions in courteous language, whose example might with advantage be followed by many an orator in the Old Continent.

Not, of course, that passions were wholly absent from these debates. In these new countries, where the strength of youth finds a free field for its display, and where revolution and war are the chief passions, the passions are not less intense. The political arena has been transformed into a field of battle. But by degrees, as the community takes form and acquires greater weight in every domain of public life, there grows up an imperious need of organized action, and the youthful democrats themselves and by realizing that their people can only govern itself when its citizens have proved themselves capable of self-discipline.

Of all the problems which might naturally present themselves in a Pan-American Congress those that might be expected to call forth implacable opposition were rigorously eliminated. An exchange of views took place, and each delegate was able to report to his principals a number of conclusions calculated to pave the way to future understandings.

When the Congress threw out the proposal to generalize the Monroe Doctrine and apply its principle to the whole of the South American continent the representative of a large State said to me: "We shall separate without accomplishing anything."

"It is already much to have avoided all conflict," I replied, "and if you had really accomplished nothing you would still have been useful in that you had met, talked together, understood one another, and parted on good terms."

Perhaps the man whose position was the most delicate of all, was Mr. Henry White, the delegate of the great Northern Republic, and the distinguished diplomat who was so popular in Parisian society and contributed to the utmost of his power towards finding an equitable solution of the Franco-German conflict at the Algeiras Conference. At the Con-

gress of Buenos Ayres, the delegate of Uruguay, one vote only, and his efforts were directed to making his co-laborers forget that he was a "big brother," a very big brother, faintly suspected of tendencies towards an hegemony. It took all the gracious affability of Mr. White to disarm the distrust aroused more especially by the proposal to place Southern America under the banner of the Monroe Doctrine, and thus the Congress could be dissolved without a word of any but good will and American brotherhood.

The Pan-American Congress was the natural outcome of the great international exhibition by which the Argentine Republic celebrated the centenary of its independence. The great fairs of older times existed with very good reason. There was ever advantage to be gained by bringing together at stated times, the produce of different districts at a period of the world's history when the deficiency of means of communication placed insurmountable obstacles in the way of producer, merchant, and consumer. To-day, thanks to steam power, every city in the world offers a permanent exhibition adapted to the needs of its public, and the traveler wastes his time when he endeavors to bring back from his journeys any article unknown to his people. For this reason, the finest of international exhibitions can reserve no surprises to its visitors. And as for experts, specialists in any branch of commerce or industry, all is to be pitied who awaits the opening of any of these universal bazaars in order to obtain information on some detail of his business.

There remain evidently, the amusements and entertainments which in such gatherings are naturally intended to arouse the pleasure-loving instincts of crowds. But civilization has pretty well surmounted all such amusements which are now better calculated to tempt than to satisfy us. And when the friendly city that summons us to such a show is situated 11,000 kilometers from our shores, it requires a more powerful attraction than this of the "already seen" to induce us to undertake the expedition.

For all these reasons without seeking any others the exhibition of Buenos Ayres could not be a success either in the way of money or of the concourse of peoples. An unfortunate and ultra-modern strike retarded the arrangements to such a point that on the anniversary day, May 25, only the section of "ganaderia" (cattle breeding) was ready. Notwithstanding a multitude of difficulties pavilions were put up, in which were amassed and docketed in the usual fashion some of those products which the greed for gold brings to all the depots of the world. A few special side-shows were remarkably successful. Of these may be mentioned the English exhibit of the railway industry, and that German section of electricity. Some of the buildings were never completed, as that of the Spanish section. France, I regret to say, did not distinguish herself. The omission is inconceivable when one considers what a market might in this way have been found for our manufactures. Apart from some interesting displays by dressmakers, jewelers, and goldsmiths, exhibited in a tasteful pavilion slightly resembling Bagatelle, we found nothing to send. Admit that for France, this was not sufficient. England, however, exhibited a magnificent State railway carriage, which she presented to the President of the republic; value, two millions, it is said. It is a luxury that the English might very well permit themselves, since almost all the railways of the Argentine are in their hands. And, why, if you please? Because the engineer who one day invited tenders for the construction of the first Argentine railway line found in Paris no support, and from our capital (I have it from his own lips) he turned to London, where the enterprise was carried to colossal proportions.

We could hardly help being represented in the art and sculpture pavilions. I can honestly say that our exhibit, well organized, placed us in an excellent position.

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WHAT CLEMENCEAU SAW IN BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA

(Continued from Page 5.)

But without any tremendous effort, we might have done much better. We reckoned perhaps that the Argentine millionaires would find in Paris the works that we did not exhibit in their capital, and if only the millionaires were concerned, I should say nothing. But it is precisely because the art education of the Argentine people is as yet rudimentary, as might also be said of more than one nation in ancient Europe, we ought to have endeavored to arouse another curiosity than that of amateurs who are in the habit of getting what they want in the picture galleries of the Old World. No doubt some excellent specimens were set; this was the least we could do. Our artists would not make the venture of establishing a sort of exhibition-museum, which would have been a brilliant revelation of home art and would have fed that craving for beauty that always glimmers in the heart of the masses, besides offering food for that criticism which forms the taste of connoisseurs.

There is no art museum worthy the name in the Argentine Republic. Its foundation stone is yet to be laid. But, if I may judge from what I have seen in private galleries, the moment is not far distant when these great communities in South America will in their turn recognize the usefulness of large State collections in the same way as it has happened in North America, where, forty years ago, very little progress in this direction had been made, while to-day it is the pride of the Nation to place itself on an equality with the old countries of Europe, whose art treasures it is rapidly acquiring.

The retrospective section of "Colonial days" cannot be passed over in silence. When one celebrates a centenary one has already a history, and in this case history finds an eloquent illustration in the civilizing forces that were in the hands of the founder of the State. What a contrast is presented by this luxurious railway coach of which I spoke just now, presented by an English firm to the President of the Republic, and the archaic

coaches, the heavy, bulging traveling carriages, the Merovingian chariots which carried across the pathless pampas the families of colonists who had no opportunity of temptation to incumber themselves with the superfluous. Furniture of the simplicity that bespeaks the rarity of woods. Clumsy arms, skins of beasts to ward off an occasional "pampero." In times when the horse was the universal means of locomotion—it still is for the most part, and in all parts of the country you may see the young children mounting their ponies to ride to the elementary school—the outfit of the horseman was showily incumbered with Spanish ornaments, from the heavy, clanking brass pieces down to the enormous spurs of the huge stirrups. All this belongs to the old days of scarcely fifty years ago, and even to-day, when you see a gaucho ride by on his sturdy little horse, his foot in heavy stirrups made of wood in the shape of a wheel, it is easy to see that the miracle of railways cannot in a moment displace the clumsy tools of the colonizing world.

The exhibits of Argentine produce: cattle, timber, plants, fruit, cereals, &c., have a special interest for the foreigner. To describe them all would be to write the economic history of the country. I hear on all sides that the animal exhibits were exceptionally fine. This does not surprise me, now that I have inspected both on farms and at shows the finest specimens of cattle for breeding. We all know that in the pampas the breeding of horses and horned cattle had developed amazingly, as has also that of sheep. I shall have to return to this subject and to that of the famous freezing chambers which stock the English market with Buenos Ayres meat, without mentioning the export of live beasts. The only point I want to touch on to-day is the fact that the sensation of the hour is the purchase by a "freezing" firm of five oxen for slaughter at the price of 25,000 francs apiece, knocked down by auction to them. This looks like, and perhaps really is, a piece of madness. We are only beginning to learn in Europe how far the passion for advertisement can carry Americans. I mention the event because

better than any travelers' tales it throws light on a certain mentality.

The cultivation of cereals—corn and maize—like that of flax (of which the straw is burnt for want of a way to utilize it) has within very recent times assumed proportions beyond all expectation. I shall return to this subject when I speak of the pampas, immense deposits of fertile soil stretching from the sea to the Andes, which yields crops without manure and almost without toil. Wherever the railways bring the steam engine, a broad band of vegetation on either side of the rails bears witness on the Government survey maps to the immediate rise in value of those districts whose produce is thus assured of a ready market. If I had not determined to refrain from quoting statistics that may be found in every compilation, I could astonish my reader by showing the fantastic growth of the maize crops alone, which are piled up in mills on the "estancias" and quickly disposed of by the elevators which pass then down their slides to the holds of English or German cargo boats.

In these galleries at the Exhibition of Argentine Agricultural Produce, one can but admire the variety of plants raised on this soil, which is capable of producing lucerne of a height of two yards and a half. I say nothing of the fruits and vegetables which I was not able, on account of the season of the year, to try. Neither the one nor the other looked to me comparable with our European varieties. As for the tropical fruit, with the exception of the oranges and pineapples, they were astonishing, I admit, but I must be forgiven for not giving them my preference.

In the section of Argentine timber is to be seen in the front rank, the marvelous "québracho," of which I have already spoken, in company of the false cedar. No other wood can be compared with this in respect of the quantity of tannin it contains. For this reason the immense forests of the northern provinces are being devastated to supply the manufacturers. Sleepers of railways and stakes to hold the wire that marks out the immense stretches of pampas are the principal out-

lets for québracho, irrespective of the extraction of tannin. And as the demand increases daily, while the idea of replanting does not seem as yet to have struck the Argentine brain, it is reasonable to foresee the moment when the Government of the republic, having neglected to husband its resources, will have only vain lamentations for its absence to offer to its customers. The day may be far distant. I do not dispute it. Such an improvident policy is none the less reprehensible. How many years moreover must elapse between the planting of the young québracho and its maturity? Indeed, the same remarks might be made of all the other species of timber. When you have seen tree trunks that were many centuries in growth falling bit by bit into the maw of a factory furnace without any attempt being made to fill their place in the forest; when you have been saddened by the spectacle of the marvelous Brazilian forests flaming in every direction to make room for coffee plantations that will presently spring up among the charred trunks, you realize keenly that there is no more urgent need in these great countries than a complete organization of forest planting. If in some parts of Brazil the soil has become exhausted by crops without manuring it is doubtful if the watercourses have changed at all. According to symptoms noticed, the same cannot be said of the Argentine pampas, where the watercourses are lost in the soil before they reach the sea. When the vast forests of the higher land have given place to plains burnt by wind and sun, can one doubt that the already terrible scourge of drought that decimates the cattle and destroys the crops must be greatly aggravated?

I must resist the temptation of pausing longer over the very complete sections in the exhibition of the South American republics. I should never finish. Neither must I any longer neglect the Argentine capital for the sake of considerations that will naturally present themselves later. But it is impossible to leave the subject without at least mentioning the extraordinary institution just without its borders in which the "rural society" organizes its annual cattle shows. Vast,

irreproachable stables, stalls fitted up on the pattern of the model farms of England. The whole providing accommodation for more than 500 head of horned cattle or horses, while 700 or 800 can be collected in the enclosures and nearly 4,000 head of sheep in a single building, with the addition of a fine paddock for trials surrounded by stands containing no less than 2,000 seats for the public.

Such shows take place yearly in the month of October. They are concluded by a sale by auction of the cattle exhibited. Nothing could be better arranged for giving convincing evidences of the progress made. Some of these shows have brought together over 4,000 head of cattle coming from every part of the country, and including stallions of the most renowned breeds, Durham and Hereford cows, &c., without mentioning the pigs, the lambs, the vicunas, and the poultry. Agricultural machinery and dairy produce are not overlooked, as may be imagined.

Here in this enormous centre of cattle rearing is concentrated the greatest industry of the kind in the country. At Rosario I had an opportunity to admire a magnificent cattle show. But the great fair of Buenos Ayres certainly excels anything that can be seen elsewhere in this way. I shall have occasion to return to the subject when I speak of the "estancias" and the immense flocks belonging to them. Here it suffices to note that Argentine breeders spare no expense to procure the most perfect stock. We know that the meat freezing companies find in England their best market, thanks to which fact frozen meat forms the return cargo of coaling boats.

The first care of the larger landlords of the pampas is naturally to adapt themselves to the taste of their customers. Accordingly, the finest specimens of English breeders find their way every year to Buenos Ayres. It is not surprising that the horse breeding follows the same current, although they are beginning to do justice to French strains. But the English breeder understands how to make outlets for himself, whilst the French breeder prefers to wait in the sunshine of Caen until he is asked as a favor for his wares.